

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1864.

WHOLE NO. 1734.

## Selections.

## BAD BLOOD.

The generous and even enthusiastic welcome

extended to George Thompson, by the eminent

men of the country, many of whom have

produced the exhibition of a vast amount

of "bad blood" in the office of the Springfield

Republican. The editor of that journal apparently

cannot understand that arrogant slave-drivers of the

South no longer rule the nation, and he never loses

an opportunity to misrepresent the gentleman whose

character is a model of virtue and high-mindedness.

In an article in Saturday's Republican, Mr. Thomp-

son is styled a "British Beggars," as though pov-

erty, especially the poverty of an Englishman, was

a crime that knows no parallel in this country. Here

is what it says:

"George Thompson, the English reformer, makes

his present visit to America under heavy 'bonds

to keep the peace' indeed—the bonds of poverty, open-

ly seeking relief at our hands. His lectures in different

cities not having paid him great sums, Gov. Andrew

and a few other gentlemen in Boston have issued a

private circular, begging direct subscriptions to a fund

in his behalf. The alleged claim for this is Mr. Thomp-

son's general philanthropy, and his special philan-

thropy in behalf of the Union cause in England. Mr.

Thompson's necessities must indeed be great, if he

will consent to occupy so humiliating a position

towards the American people as this. And if memory

is not at fault, the papers now begging for contribu-

tions to Mr. Webster's tour, and the papers now

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## Greeley vs. Lincoln.

Horace Greeley (says the Kansas Tribune) is one

of the most eccentric men of the age. By no means

wanting in practical wisdom and far-reaching dis-

crimination, still he seems to possess a streak of

odiousity that any one contemplating his peculiar

character will feel that the Great Architect never made

but one man just like Horace Greeley. No newspaper

journalist in the nineteenth century, perhaps, has ex-

ercised a wider and more powerful political influence

upon the people of this country than has the editor

of the New York Tribune. It will be remembered

that Greeley, in the convention that nominated Ab-

raham Lincoln for President, turned the influence

of the convention against Mr. Seward, and in favor

of Mr. Lincoln. Now, when the question is being

agitated as to Mr. Lincoln's re-nomination, we find

Mr. Greeley opposing this nomination. He finds no

fault with the man or the manner of discharging his

duties, but alleges that it would be unusual, accord-

ing to late usage, to return Mr. Lincoln for another

term. This is certainly to say the least, a very

flimsy objection. If Mr. Lincoln is the best man

for the position, for the next four years, let him be

returned by all means. One of our exchanges, com-

menting upon Mr. Greeley's position, says:—

"Horace Greeley opposes Mr. Lincoln's re-election.

He admits that Mr. Lincoln has well discharged the

responsibilities of his station. He says 'he has been

patriotic, honest and faithful,' and yet he opposes

him to serve his country. He says the verdict of

history in his case will be, 'Well done, good and faith-

ful servant.' He admits too that Mr. Lincoln unques-

tionably is the first choice of a large majority

of the loyal men of the nation. And yet he opposes

his re-nomination. And why? The professed rea-

son is that custom for the last thirty years does not

warrant it! Because the people did not re-elect Van

Buren, Polk, Pierce and Buchanan, and Harrison

and Taylor were not re-elected because not alive

at the end of the first term, Horace Greeley thinks

that, therefore, Mr. Lincoln should not be re-elected!

It is the weakest plea a 'philosopher' was ever

able to put forward. The world there is the same

to-day as it was thirty years ago. The people are

the same, and he would be not be blinded by an an-

cient tradition to some administration that he cannot

be Mr. Lincoln's—the power behind the throne."

That's what the matter."

TWO SCHOOLS OF LINCOLN MEN.

Our Kansas politicians at the present time, as far

as the Union Republican party is concerned, may be

properly divided into two classes. First, those who

are ardent friends of the present Administration.

They approve of Mr. Lincoln's policy as a whole,

and honestly believe few men, placed in the trying

position in which the President has been placed dur-

ing the last four years, could have done better for

the country than Abraham Lincoln has done. They

have faith in the policy adopted, and ardently desire

a continuance of that policy until, as they firmly be-

lieve, our afflicted country will once more be restored

to peace and prosperity. Believing this, this class

of citizens at heart are not anxious or willing that

the attempt be made to bring about a change in the

Administration. Although it may be conceded a

change might be made for the better, so, too, a change,

if made, might be for the worse; and under the exist-

ing critical condition of our national affairs, the lat-

ter change referred to would be endangering our

best interests as a free people. With these honest

sentiments and convictions, and with these honest

convictions, and with these honest convictions, and

with these honest convictions, and with these honest

enough to vote for just the men our citizens would

vote for were the majority, in *propria persona*, in that

convention. In this way, and in this way alone, will

our Representative District have a voice in the Con-

vention worth a wish or a thought from independent

men. If the majority of our citizens are in favor of

John C. Fremont delegates to the National Conven-

tion, send an outspoken Fremont delegate to Topeka.

If the majority of this District are in favor of Lin-

coln delegates, let us send a delegate who will vote

for Lincoln delegates, although all over the State

they use the name of Lincoln, and against true Lin-

coln men these everlasting fault-finders are getting

up candidates. Their Representatives in the Bal-

timore Convention are arranged—their slate is made

up, and it does not contain the name of a Radical

Emancipationist or true-hearted Lincoln man. Such

men need watching. Let good men be selected—men

known for their devotion to Anti-Slavery principles.

Kansas is true to the President. Her People believe

that the man who has prosecuted this war thus far

with a heart devoted to Freedom, should be allowed

to close it up; and that rebels should be made to

yield to his rule, until every State stands loyal to the

flag of Freedom, and the shackles are stricken from

every slave.—Kansas Tribune.

AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Extract from an earnest and eloquent speech delivered

in the U. S. Senate, March 31, by Hon. DANIEL

CLARK, of New Hampshire, on the proposed amend-

ment of the Constitution, forever prohibiting slavery in

the United States, and all places under their jurisdic-

tion:—

I propose to show that the great evils of slavery as

it now exists in these United States have arisen

from this very Constitution. Yes, sir, slavery in

the United States owes its giant growth to the Con-

stitution; not that it was created by it, for it existed

before; but that it was protected by it, forced round

and protected by it, so that no national power could

weed it out short of an amendment to the Consti-

tution. Sir, this fearful destruction of life, this de-

vastation of homes, this marching and struggling of

slaughtered armies, these graves by Manassas and

Malvern Hill, by the Rappahannock and Epitaph,

by the Chickahominy and Chickamauga, by Cedar

Lookout and South Mountain, at Shiloh and

Wagner, at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, at

Murfreesboro and James Island, at Antietam and Gettys-

burg; these hospitals with their rows of sickened

and maimed inmates; these dead-houses, out of

which is carted the dead soldier, often unattended,

to rest in the soil he gave his life to defend; these

widowed women, these orphaned children, are but

the terrible harvest from the immunities, the pro-

tection and the culture secured by the Constitution

to the accursed institution. And there is another

harvest, too, where by the shores, and in the bays,

the rivers, and the roadsteads, in the caverns of the

"deep blue sea," lies many a sailor boy cut down

by the hands of the pirate.

Mr. President, certain things in the material world

cannot exist together in the same place and at the

same time. Fire cannot dwell with water. Thrown

together, they hiss and sputter until one is extin-

guished or the other evaporates in steam. So of acids

and alkaline salts. They foam and effervesce until








## ANNIVERSARY

OF THE  
WOMEN'S LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE:  
The Anniversary of the Women's National League will  
be held in New York, Thursday, May 12th, at the Church

The work of the hour is not alone to put down the rebels in arms, but to EDUCATE THIRTY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE INTO THE IDEA OF A TRUE REPUBLIC. Hence, every influence and power that both men and women can bring to bear will be needed in the reconstruction of the nation on the basis of justice and equality.

 **TO LET,** for the Summer season, one of the most desirable residences in Lynn, situated on Sagamore Hill, free from dust, mosquitoes and other annoyances, and within three minutes' walk of the Beach. The house will be let with or without the furniture. Rent reasonable.

NEW NAME FOR A POPULAR LECTURE ON  
HEALTH. By Mrs. DALL, Author of "Woman's La-  
bor," "Woman under the Law," &c. 16mo; paper, 3  
cents.  
Sent free by mail on receipt of the price.

ALSO,

DR. BARTOL'S SERMON COMMEMORATIVE OF REV.  
T. STARR KING. 15 cents.

THE PHONIC PRIMER AND READER. A Ration-  
al Method of Teaching Reading by the Sounds of the Let-

## CABINET ORGANS.

They are elegant as pieces of furniture, occupying little space, are not liable to get out of order, and every one is warranted for five years.

**THE CABINET ORGANS,**

introduced about a year since, and manufactured exclusively by MASON & HAMLIN, have met with success unprecedented in the history of musical instruments. Supplying a long-felt want, they have been received with the greatest pleasure by the musical profession and the pub-

tion, its capacity for expression is made vastly greater than has ever before been attained in such instruments. This invention is especially valuable, because scarcely any practice is necessary to render it available. Any ordinary performer can master it in an hour or two.

4. It admits of great rapidity of execution, adapting it to the performance of a great variety of lively secular music.
5. No instrument is less liable to get out of order.
6. It will remain in tune ten times as long as a piano forte.



## Poetry.

## ANGLO-SAXON WHITTING SONG.

"Your Yankee is always to be found with an old jack-knife, and when he has nothing else to do, is eternally whittling."—*Growing old Traveller.*

In the olden times of England, the days of Norman pride,  
The mail-clad chieftain buckled on his broadsword at his side,  
And, mounted on his trusty steed, from land to land he strayed.

And ever as he wandered on he whittled with his blade,  
Oh, those dreamy days of whittling!

He was out in search of monsters—of giants grim and tall;  
He was hunting up the griffins—the dragons great and small;  
He broke through the oaken doors of many a castle gate,  
And what he whittled within, 'tis needless to relate.

Oh, those foolish days of whittling!

But, when the pomp of feudal pride, like a dream, had passed away,  
And everywhere the knightly steel was rusting to decay,  
The common people drew their blades in quite another case,

And in the place of giants grim, they whittled up the laws.

Oh, those stern old days of whittling!

They whittled down the royal throne, with all its ancient might,  
And many a tough old cavalier was whittled out of sight;  
They whittled off the king's head, and set it on the wall;  
They whittled out a commonwealth, but it could not last at all.

Oh, those fiery days of whittling!

They came across the stormy deep, a stern and iron band,  
A solemn lock on every face, their hatchets in their hand;  
They whittled down the forest oak, the chestnut and the pine,  
And planted in the wilderness the rose-tree and the vine.

Oh, those fearful days of whittling!

They made themselves a clearing, and housed their little freight,  
And put their Sunday coats on, and whittled out a State;  
They cut it round so perfectly, they whittled it so "true,"  
That it still stands in beauty, for all the world to view.

Oh, those grand old days of whittling!

When England sent her hirelings, with cannon, gun and blade,  
To break and batter down the State which these good men had made,  
The people seized for weapons whatever came to hand,  
And whittled these intruders back, and drove them from the land.

Oh, the heroic days of whittling!

In men of Saxon blood it stays—this love of whittling—  
Still,  
And something must be whittled to pacify the will;  
When the old wars were over, and peace came back again,  
They took to whittling mountains, and filling walls and glen.

Oh, those days of peaceful whittling!

They whittled out the railroad path, through hill and

And sent their morning engines in thunder through the land;

Sails whitened all the harbors; the mountain valleys

And the hum and roar of labor through all the land were

Oh, those busy days of whittling!

But there long had dwelt among us a giant and hideous

Set round with ancient guarantees, with legal ramparts

With lock and iron door, it feared not God or man,  
But smelted on every side for power to work its wicked plan.

All ripe and dry for whittling.

Of old this wrong was humble, asking with piteous cry,  
This only, to be left alone, in its own time to die;  
But for this first yielding, bolder and bolder grown,  
Shameless before the nation now, it reared its bloody throne.

The time draws nigh for whittling.

"Fido goes before destruction," the wise man said of old;  
When the gods seek to ruin, they first make mad" and

In the frenzy of its madness this wrong forgot its place,  
Came out with the noise of gongs to frighten our Yankee

God gave this chance for whittling.

And now, my trusty Saxons, who come from near and far,  
Remember who your fathers were, and set your teeth for

"Sword of the Lord and Gideon!" he still your battle-cry,  
And strike as Sampson struck of old, unto slavery, hip and thigh!

Now is your time for whittling!

And when the land shall rest again from all this noise and

And Peace her olive-branch shall wave o'er this broad

Fair as the sun our nation before the world shall stand,  
Freedom on all banners, freedom throughout the land.

Oh, these grand rewards of whittling!

## THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY G. W. BENJAMIN.

Now genial days once more prevail,  
The skies assume a softer blue,  
The forests drop their icy mail,  
And waiting stand, as if they knew  
The near approach of festive Spring,  
And heard her heralds' trumpet ring.

Come, gentle spirit, laughing Spring,  
O, hasten with thy magic wand!  
To every heart new gladness bring,  
And spread rejoicing through the land!

For aye, while the bowers of Fairy,  
And come, for we expectant wait,  
Bring verdure to the mountain bleak,  
Give fire unto the fading eye,  
New health unto the wasting cheek,  
Soft moonlight in a purple sky,  
And tune the voices of the stream,  
With music from the land of dreams.

And let the lack thy footsteps follow,  
The wood-dew and the daffodil's smile,  
That hovers in the twilight's hush,  
Round mossy gables of the fern,  
When all the air is faint with balm.

Brother the hills with columbines,  
And deck the fields with daisies white;  
Festoon the brooks with leafy vines,  
Through which shall play the emerald light;  
And bring meek violets for the brave,  
To deck the patriot soldier's grave.

We bid the winds attend thy praise,  
With wild wind music evermore,  
Where hitches shake their quivering sprays,  
Beside the lake's silver shore,  
Or where the pine's crest uprears,  
And waves away the passing years.

## SPRING.

Spring's glorious skies and breathings bland!  
Come they while war is in the land?  
Or have man's storms but Winter's sway,  
And with its tempests rolled away?

The sun breaks forth its quickening ray,  
Like April's, warm the lengthening day;  
Its power shall soon be felt on earth,  
And unto grass and flowers give birth.

The streams shall leap and frolic free,  
The violet greet the early bee,  
The rose will lift its drooping head,  
From off its cool and mossy bed.

Oh, welcome Spring! thy smile can cheer  
The soul in seasons dark and drear;  
Thy waking winds new life impart,  
That lift the burden from the heart!

## The Liberator.

## HANNAH THURSTON.

A few weeks since, we heard a woman, cultivated, refined—herself the mother of many children, as well as the provident wife—speaking of this book. She was addressing a public audience—not on the vexed question of womanly rights, but pleading for her country with her country's sons. She turned aside for a moment, and in a few words of vigorous Saxon told her opinion of the man, who held up to foreign eyes this mutilated and distorted picture of his native land; held it up in the moment of her weakness, when, had it been just and true, he should have hidden it, with the whole length and breadth of a loyal heart. Before the echo of her words had died away, there came across the ocean a refrain—"Here, in England, Bayard Taylor's book is having a great success; people think it a telling sketch of American manners."

Until this moment, we had never thought of the

delightant hand, which we once saw dropping from the

cushion of a lecturer's desk, sparkling with rings, and

scented with perfume, could write anything that it

would be necessary we should read. Now we began

to think there might be a duty in the case—we got the

book and read it, forcibly reminded, meanwhile, of

Humboldt's remark, when some American recalled the

flippant traveller to his mind. "Bayard Taylor!"

Did I ever meet him? Ah, yes; the man who had

gone so far, and seen so little! We have been lately

told that the anecdote is not true, but it so precisely

expresses the character of this book, that we feel justified

in quoting it.

In America, the absurdities and misrepresentations

of this book can do no possible harm; but abroad

they may perpetuate prejudices, and strengthen time-

errors. Our chief business with it is with its

hero and heroine, and their relation to the great

discussion in regard to womanly rights. But that

business cannot be followed till the way is cleared,

and the town of Ptolemy is shown to be, not a common

country town, where oxen load and dogs bark—where

fishes bite and birds fly—where honest men follow the

plough, and honest women the dairy—where society

groups itself respectfully about its natural centres of

culture and refinement—but a menagerie, into which

this travelling showman has gathered all the odd speci-

mens of Western and Yankee life he has been privi-

leged to encounter, and labelled them from one "hab-

itat," to save his scientific reputation or his personal

convenience. The literary value of this book makes

its weakness more unpardonable. The man who

tried to draw Maxwell Woodbury can draw, if he

will, a strong and manly picture. The pencil which

sketched so truly and tenderly the married life of

Guglielma Thurston, may yet give to our walls some

of their finest decorations; the hand that touched

in the courtship of Bute and Carrie Didworth, may

write a novel, which, without meddling with the re-

forms whose significance the writer cannot see, should

charm many a weary hour, and paint the dusky city

room with vivid landscapes of country hillside and

woodland walk. Bayard Taylor's poetic appreciation

of nature is greater than his knowledge of American

society. In a somewhat wide experience of rustic ser-

ving circles, we have never seen the unfortunate epis-

ter who compensated herself for the "lost instinct of

maternity," by providing women dresses and embo-

died jackets for the tropical wants of a spiritual child

at Jutnapore. Nor did we ever meet a Hamilton Blue,

who carried the interests of a "Saratoga Mutual" in-

to his first courteous greetings, and balanced them by

the wedges of "molasses cake," his wife dispensed with

"black-mitted" hands. Why has not the unflattering,

generous flow of money, which this war has called

forth, saved Mr. Bayard Taylor the mortification of

sketching this sordid picture? Mrs. Waldo, escaping

from the funeral to which only her sense of duty had

carried her, and vulgarly throwing her slipper after

the newly wedded pair—Mr. Grindle, lecturing his host

on strong drink and tobacco at Lakeside—belong to a

phase of society, into which there was no need to in-

troduce a gentleman. The precise connection between

bonnet ribbons and revivals is also beyond our grasp.

The author's conceptions of reform are of a very

limited nature. "Think of my life taking the stump

against Mrs. Blackford, and me and him doing the

washing and cooking," said the Hon. Zeno Harder;  
and this sentence seems to comprise the whole amount

of Bayard Taylor's information in regard to what is

called "The Woman's Movement." If any such sect

as the Cimierians ever existed, who dress their min-

ister in hair cloth, and baptize after the "precise man-

ner of the Savior," we have fortunately escaped their

acquaintance. Mr. Merrifield, when he opened the

Woman's Rights Meeting, presents a picture of incap-

acity invented to throw ridicule on the Reform. In

America, men are trained to public speaking, and the

smallest village will offer a suitable person for a pre-

siding officer. If our author has encountered an ex-

ception, he should have been truthful enough to label

him properly. All sensible persons must share Wood-

bury's disgust at Mr. Dyce, but if candid, they will

pause to ask whether the whole body of Spiritualists,

with Swedenborg and William Howitt at their head,

are supposed to be fairly represented by this "free-

love meum." Under what particular "reform" it

is, that Mrs. Merrifield claims "more than her equal

share" in the management of the household, we have

not told. The odium of the insinuation falls on poor

Hannah's theories, where it belongs as little as Wend-

ell Phillips at Mr. Whitlow's tea-table.

But the object of this book is to set before the world

an answer to the questions raised at the "Woman's

Convention," and Bayard Taylor's practical pen has

found it easy to throw a glimmer about the whole mat-

ter which may deceive the superficial. Neither Han-

nah Thurston nor Maxwell Woodbury has a consist-

ent, well-developed character. Woodbury is simply

an impossible man, and his brightest sayings are only

bright because the simple Quaker, touched by a re-

fined and courteous Mr. Taylor's Ptolemaic man-

agement had not hitherto afforded her, forgot to an-

swer them.

"Can one be too much in earnest?" she asks, tim-

idly; and our modern Bayard replies, "Certainly,"

you would not put a pink with the same serious ap-

plication of strength that you would wind a bucket

out of a well!" Hannah, absorbed in a new emo-

tion, feels herself answered; otherwise, she would have

said simply, "The cases are not analogous. I would

pluck the flower as sincerely as I would draw the buck-

et." When Dyce says, "A man would as lief be

thought wicked as chaste," we are glad to see Wood-

bury fly at his throat. But we have heard one of

Bayard Taylor's personal friends defend the position

stated by Dyce; and does the existing state of morals

among the young men of New York admit of one

much higher? However that may be, women, like

the Quaker preacher, do not intend to "fall to man's

level in this respect, but to lift him to their own per-

ception of parity which has no sex. Mr. Woodbury

assumes that no woman ever sang the heroic stave of

Joan of Arc. Has he forgotten Mrs. Browning, our own

dearer, sweeter, Mrs. Lowell, and the Princess of

France, who chanted her national lyric in "obedient

france"? A little more cultivation, Mr. Bayard! Even

the Calcutta newspapers might have told you some-

thing of Lydia Maria Child, had you cared to li-

sten. You are welcome to scoff at the *Standard*, now

that anti-slavery President is safely housed at

Washington.

In the character of Hannah Thurston, as a woman,

there are quite as many inconsistencies. No pure

and noble woman, such as she is meant to be, ever

trusted her heart's secret to a Seth Wadsworth, nor

listened with admiration to an Abraham Stokes. It is

generally conceded that a man should know some-

thing of the windmill's heights, but Mr. Taylor has not

thought this necessary. His memories of old aunt Den-

ison, in her "noble self-abnegation, made her seem to

him more queenly than Mary Wolstonecraft and Mad-

ame de Stael." We are led to infer that this noble self-

abnegation was practiced after the usual fashion of

the wife and mother. Mary Wolstonecraft, at the age

of seventeen, took upon herself the duties of a fretful

mother and an inefficient father. The oldest of a

large family of children, she established one after the

other in business; and when she married Imlay, at

Lakeside, let her remember them, and go down to

"Tumblety Hall" with a new power of a new love,

to plead that society will protect those less fortunate

than herself. Ah, Bayard Taylor! has the world

taught you so little? Can we be happy, and our sisters

misericord? If life open with the fairest auspices, may

not sickness, death, insanity, a thousand accidents,

block its fair outlook? "It is," as Mrs. Stanton said,

"very pleasant to lean, but when we have nothing on

which to lean, we must needs stand or fall. Linked to

noble fathers, husbands, and brothers, we need no

man from India to tell us we are thrice blessed; but

the multitude of women who must ever be their own

heads, hearts and hands, can draw but small inspira-

tion from the honied lips of Maxwell Woodbury."

Hannah Thurston calls herself "loyal to humanity,"

when she yields to her sister's love. Where is the

"woman's rights woman" who was ever guilty of

such an absurdity? Happy wives and mothers

stand on that platform, not to check marriage, but to

make it a more sacred refuge for all. A weak and

girlish pleader might indeed be silenced by her own

happines; not so those who have seen life after the

at the "Five Points," or beaten back by the waves of

the "Black Sea," in Boston. Nor are the advocates of

the reform so ignorant as Mr. Taylor would have

us think. It is quite possible that Margaret Fuller

had read Mont